

## NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT,  
PROPRIETOR.

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VOLUME XLII.....NO. 199

## AMUSEMENTS TO-NIGHT.

WOOD'S MUSEUM.  
BELLFLORE, THE MOUNTAIN, at 8 P. M. Matinee at 2 P. M.  
KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS.  
at 8 P. M.  
TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE.  
at 8 P. M.  
PARISIAN VARIETIES.  
at 8 P. M.  
FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.  
PIQUE, at 8 P. M.  
WALLACE'S THEATRE.  
THE MIGHTY DOLLAR, at 8 P. M.  
CLOMONT'S GARDEN.  
GRAND CONCERT, at 8 P. M.

NEW YORK, MONDAY, JULY 17, 1876.

From our reports this morning the probabilities are that the weather to-day will be clear and warmer.

NOTICE TO COUNTRY NEWSDEALERS.—For prompt and regular delivery of the HERALD by first mail trains orders must be sent direct to this office. Postage free.

During the summer months the HERALD will be sent to subscribers in the country at the rate of twenty-five cents per week, free of postage.

THE POLITICAL STREAM.—Jean Ingelow, in one of her poems, describes two friends standing on opposite banks of a small stream over which either one could step. As they walked along the banks it widened more and more till neither could understand the other's voice, and finally, when the river poured its broad waters into the ocean, they were forever divided. By the head waters of such a stream in republican politics Grant and Hayes are now separated. They are walking upon opposite shores, and unless one of them crosses soon they will find themselves long before November with an impassable flood rolling between.

THE HERALD ON LONG ISLAND.—An arrangement by which the Sunday HERALD was laid upon the breakfast tables of the Long Islanders as far as Patchogue and over to Fire Island was put into operation yesterday with the greatest success. The machinery was a special train, a special steamer, some fast wagons and a number of swift newsboys. It is the purpose of the HERALD to follow its summering readers and see that they do not miss their looked-for paper, even when, as on Sundays, the ordinary mail facilities are unavailable. This has led to special Sunday expeditions to Long Branch, through New Jersey, and now to the pleasant nooks of Long Island. The people wish for the HERALD every day, and we are determined that they shall not wish in vain.

THE TURCO-SERVIAN WAR already furnishes its quota of horrors committed by the Turks. We read of Christian women and children being placed in the Turkish trenches that they might receive the fire of the advancing Servians. Villages in Bulgaria have been burned, the men murdered and the children cut to pieces. Such revolting atrocities are painful to read of from Europe in the nineteenth century. They are sure to beget equally savage retaliation wherever the Servians get the upper hand. It is deplorable that a people capable of such barbarism should be kept in power by the confederated selfishness of some of the great Powers. We shall doubtless hear apologies for these inhuman acts from the lips of men who would be ashamed to hurt a stray kitten, but who, under the exigencies of "policy," can find excuse for massacre and rapine in their most repulsive forms.

OFFICER GREEN, of the Twenty-first precinct, who arrested the escaped convict, James Fay, on Saturday last, deserves more than a passing encomium on his gallantry. In the face of a gang of rowdies, who attempted to rescue the prisoner, Officer Green held on to his man. Having put the gang to flight and after a desperate resistance on the part of Fay he succeeded in handcuffing the latter and taking him to the station house. This is the sort of man we want on the police force—a man unwilling to treat a prisoner with unnecessary brutality, but as brave as a lion and as pertinacious as a bulldog in doing his duty, a man whose grip upon a lawbreaker means in all cases an arrest. We hope the Police Commissioners will fitly reward Officer Green and so make his action a pattern for the police. To reward an officer who performs a specially meritorious deed is quite as important as noting and punishing the backsliding of delinquents.

THE FAST MAILS.—After several months of trial, in which the advantage of the fast mail service to the country has been amply demonstrated, we learn with pardonable indignation that, owing to the twopenny economy of Congress, the trains are to be discontinued after Friday next. The country does not want economy of this kind. The Frenchman who reduced his horse to a straw a day, and only failed to make the animal live wholly on air because the stubborn beast took it into his head to die, seems to be the model of some of our legislators. Here is a great advance in the mode of transmitting the mails, benefiting every class of business, about to be abolished, not because the money that would be spent on it would prove an unprofitable investment to the country, but because a party wants to go before the people next November as the champion of economy. It behooves the business men of the country to enter a loud and persistent protest against this Bourbon economy, which has nothing but the merest demagoguery behind it.

## Warning in Time—Prepare for the Worst.

The St. Paul Press prints an admirable article on the Indian question aptly entitled "Cautious Signals." The Press shows that it is natural that apprehensions as to Indian outrages should exist all along the frontier, notwithstanding the assurances of military commanders. It recalls the "bloodthirsty insanity" which seized on the Sioux of the Upper Minnesota Valley in 1862, when, without any cause or provocation, they made a Golgotha of our frontier settlements. Although the Dakota Indians have shown no unfriendliness as yet, still there is no knowing what influence the success of Sitting Bull over Custer may have upon the Indian mind. We hear from Minnesota that there is a panic in the border counties. One journal reports "settlers flocking into Worthington from fear of Indians." A despatch has been received in Washington from Bismarck to the effect that Indians have menaced that town. This news lacks confirmation by our own correspondents, and so many despatches from Washington about Indian affairs are in the interest of the Indian Ring that we receive all such information coming in that direction with reserve. But two results have followed the Custer massacre. The first is the conviction in the minds of the Indians that the time has come for them to rise and drive the white men from the soil. The other, that we have underrated the strength of the Indians and overrated our power to deal with them.

There has really been no peace in the Northwest since 1862. It was then that Sitting Bull, commanding a band of Sioux, made war upon our frontier settlements. For fourteen years this chief, at the head of the most powerful and intelligent tribe of Indians on the continent, has been at enmity with the whites. They have given their lives to robbery, murder and pillage. Whenever they could find an emigrant party, or a forlorn steamboat insufficiently guarded, or a railway surveying party on the Northern Pacific, they have fallen upon them. Whenever they captured prisoners it was death. We read of wars in the East and Bashi-Bazouk massacres in Turkey, but there is no war so terrible and merciless as war with the Indians. There is no quarter with them. The men and children they always kill in battle or by slow torture. The women they reserve for a fate compared with which death would be a blessing. Fourteen years of this strife have made Sitting Bull a kind of Sioux Napoleon. The fact that he has conquered and killed the great white chief Custer adds to his fame. Other tribes, and especially the young men, will join him. Red Cloud, Spotted Tail and a few chiefs, who have been East and know of the strength of the whites, may attempt to arrest this enthusiasm, but it is not in human nature, in Sioux human nature at all events, that they should succeed. When an Indian youth sets out in life and seeks success in love or authority he sees that he can only have consideration according to the number of scalps he captures. Murder, therefore, is his first duty, and war his supreme pleasure because of the opportunity of murder. There is not an Indian lodge in all this vast region of the Yellowstone where the story of Custer's fall and Sitting Bull's victory will not awaken the Indian mind to an enthusiasm like that in France after Marengo. It would not surprise us if it extended into Canada. The force which a few years ago was little more than a few desperadoes will become a rising of the nations. Nor can it be said that we have failed in our efforts to avoid this result by peaceful methods. In 1867 we made a treaty with the Sioux, but Sitting Bull refused to respect it and continued his work of pillage and murder. The plain fact is that we have before us the whole Indian problem and that we must confront in martial array the most powerful Indian tribes on the continent.

All the evidence shows that we have failed, all of us, to comprehend this Indian question. General Sheridan was of the opinion that the Seventh cavalry was a match for the whole Indian nations. General Sherman thought that Custer could only be destroyed by throwing himself away. General Terry, who first regarded the massacre as Custer's fault, which he had expiated with his life, now wants to give the whole business up to Crook and take orders from a subordinate. Crook, famous as he is, has already had one repulse, and takes it so coolly that we hear of him in hunting parties. In fact, our military authorities have regarded this whole business as a kind of picnic. Our soldiers have come to regard Indian hunting as they would buffalo hunting. We question if there was one soul in that daring band which gayly followed Custer on that last march who did not feel that the regiment was in about as much danger from heaven's thunderbolts as from the Sioux. And yet the danger came, as swift as a thunderbolt, and as terrible. Even now our rulers do not understand it. We read in Sheridan's despatches his confidence that a couple of thousand men can whip all the Sioux. And yet every despatch from the Plains shows that we have a powerful, brave and in some respects a disciplined foe. Wherever our soldiers, either as scouts, reconnoitring parties, or as military bodies have met the Indians, they have been outnumbered, and generally ten to one. Of course we make allowance for exaggeration, for the effect of defeat upon the imagination; but the whole tide of evidence sweeps in one direction—namely, that we are in presence of a foe we have underrated and despised; a foe powerful enough to whip any army we have sent against him, and enterprising enough to alarm the whole frontier of the Northwest.

Our duty is to take hold of this question and end it. The country expects that General Sheridan should go to the Indian country in person and take with him the whole available force of the army. Let Congress transfer the whole Indian question to Sherman, Sheridan and Hancock, and we shall have peace. Let us abolish the Indian Department, and let us find a trader selling guns or ammunition to these savages let us shoot him. A drumhead court martial over some of our Indian traders would be a blessing. Then let us take all the troops we have in the Northern and Southern States and give them to Sheridan. Here we have post after post in the great cities where

officers doze and drone the hours away; where life consists of dress parade and mounting guard. We do not want these soldiers, and they are needed on the Plains. The order sending the troops from Fort Hamilton is a wise one, and is the first evidence we have seen that our authorities rise to the dignity of the situation. Let all the Northern forts be stripped in the same manner. There is no danger of the forts running away or of any one taking them. Let the Southern States be remanded to local militia, and with this force under the command of a soldier like Sheridan let us go in and settle this Indian question forever. The avowment that it will cost money is an insult to our common sense and patriotism. To be sure it will cost money; but how much better to pay five or even fifty millions and end the business than to have these Indian wars from year to year, draining the Treasury, retarding our progress, generating corruption and dishonoring our civilization?

With Sheridan in command, and a good large army under him, let us then enter honestly upon the Indian business. We do not counsel a policy of extermination or unkindness or passion; we do not counsel revenge; nor should we forget that we are dealing with savages, not Christians, and that cruel, merciless and bloody as they have been, it is their nature, as ours is justice, humanity and mercy. But we should be firm. This war should not end until every Indian in this Republic is under the military control of the United States. We must have no more reservations, no more treaties, no more presents of guns or powder. We must take the Indians by force and put them under direct military control. There are fewer Indians in our country than there are inhabitants in Brooklyn, and if Brooklyn can live in the space of a few square miles we can easily carve out a section of a few thousand square miles and there convey all the tribes. The laws which govern us should govern them. All the poetry and sentiment should cease. If the tribe insisted upon scalping another two or three executions would settle it. The bravest young warrior would think twice about going on the warpath against other warriors if he knew that the possession of a scalp would insure a verdict of murder and his execution. The simplest way is the best in the long run, although it may be expensive and troublesome now. The Indian, no doubt, has been wronged. No doubt the crimes against him will always blacken our history. But we do not propose to wrong him now. We only say that he must come under our laws or fall before our laws. We have condemned Indian independence long enough. We have wretched cruelty, butchery, inhumanity, assassination with flowers of sentiment too long. The poor, simple, trusting, ingenious, honest Indian who worships the Great Spirit and yearns for the happy hunting grounds is a dream, and in his place we have a savage, pitiless, brave, unpausing monster, whose joy is massacre and whose present life is a libel upon Christianity and civilization. Now, when the country mourns the inhuman destruction of Custer and his command; now, when we see the whole Indian strength rising against us and giving every hour its new tale of murder and crime; now, when our settlements are abandoned by panic-stricken settlers—now is the time to end this question, and forever. The way to do it is to give Lieutenant General Sheridan the whole army—twenty, thirty, fifty thousand men—and bid him go out and make war and not return until he has secured a peace which can never be broken.

## The Quarrels of the Republican Leaders.

The republican party is not a happy family. Discord has begun the canvass. The President is one of the most discontented of its leaders, for he has found another ungrateful man, and this is no less a personage than the republican candidate for the Presidency. When General Hayes was nominated Grant telegraphed his congratulations, and in return General Hayes, in his letter of acceptance, not only refused to return the politeness, but actually declared himself for one term only. We hear that Grant and his friends consider this an insult to the President and an uncalled-for rebuke of his third term aspirations. Grant also found Bristow treacherous, Jewell indifferent and Pratt honest, and has said, in apology for their removal, that he intended to have friends, not enemies, near him. Then the politicians are indignant at General Hayes' views on civil service reform. These ideas of reform they look upon, as Judge Quinn looked upon the growth of the German element in this country, with "alar-rum." But the trouble does not end with the administration. It has entered into New York politics. Mr. Conkling, it is said, is very much grieved by the result in Cincinnati, and, like Grant, is disposed to consider the letter of General Hayes as intended to help his opponents in the State canvass. Unless the State Convention should nominate Mr. Cornell for Governor it is surmised that the distinguished Senator will not take an active interest in the battle, but will remain, like Achilles, in his tent, and let the Greeks capture democratic Troy, if they can, without him. This dissatisfaction on the part of Mr. Conkling is believed to be increased by the defeat of Mr. Cornell for the Chairmanship of the National Committee and the choice of Zach Chandler. There seems to be mutiny all around the republican camp.

If this is the way the campaign begins how will it end? Quarrels like these do not generally grow smaller, and the break-up of the Cabinet just at this time and the division of the party in New York State may have a very serious effect upon the November election. The great danger to the party is that out of these and other differences may grow a breach between the administration and the republican ticket. Such a breach would strengthen Hayes with the people, but would weaken him with the office-holders, and it will need all the coachmanship the republican leaders possess to make the good steed "Reform" and the fast nag "Administration" trot well together in harness in the Presidential race.

THE TWO GOVERNORS.—What the Governor of South Carolina said to the Governor of North Carolina is well known and generally approved. What the Governor of Ohio said

to the Governor of New York is this:—"Tilden, let us have but one term, no matter who wins;" and we hope that invitation will be accepted just as cheerfully as if it had been the other.

## How the South Should Punish Outrages.

If the white people of South Carolina are wise they will not rest until the scoundrels who shot down and, it is now said, mutilated unarmed prisoners at Hamburg the other day are caught, tried and hanged. It is perfectly true that there are bullies and brutes in every community, and that riots have occurred in Northern as well as Southern States. But it is perfectly true, too, that such brutalities as disgrace South Carolina and Georgia in this Hamburg affair are punished in the North; that they arouse in the most vigorous manner the public spirit of the decent people, and that the community here, in such cases, demands and insists upon prompt and stern justice. We wait to see if the respectable white people of South Carolina will do their plain duty in this matter.

Mr. Rainey, a colored Congressman from South Carolina, a respectable and honest as well as able man, made a spirited appeal in the House of Representatives upon this outrage on Saturday. He was listened to with respect and attention; and his words ought to bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of the decent white people in the State he represents. Mr. Rainey is of opinion that the only remedy or preventive of such brutalities as that at Hamburg is the constant presence of United States troops. We do not agree with him; but we solemnly warn the South Carolina whites that if they allow such things to go unpunished, if they sit down and fold their hands and say, "Good enough for the niggers," if they make themselves the allies of the lawless part of their race, and encourage by their silence and inaction such savage violence, then the time is not very far off when it will be they and not the blacks who will call for United States troops; and when those troops will be urgently called to protect them from the negroes. Nor will any right-minded man anywhere feel very sorry for them when that day comes, as it certainly will if they do not show some sense of the horror and detestation in which people who go to church and pretend to be Christians and civilized people ought to hold such acts. They are sowing the wind, and they are morally certain to reap the whirlwind.

The HERALD, as is well known to its readers, has not upheld the so-called carpet-bag rule in the Southern States; it has urged that the interference of the federal government with troops in those States is unwise, and it believes that the people of each of those States, of different races, ought to be left face to face with each other to settle their own affairs. We believe so still, and we shall continue to believe so, even if the negroes in South Carolina, goaded to desperation by injustice and outrage, shall begin to assert their manhood and shoot back. That is what they ought to do and what inevitably they will do. The Southern whites generally despise the negroes, because they are in the main a quiet, docile, harmless race. "Twenty of us can drive off two hundred niggers any time," is a common saying among Southern roughs, and it is a lamentable fact. And so the decent white men of the South are but too apt to leave the negro to the white roughs, just as General Butler, who we suppose calls himself a "gentleman," is reported to have left his prisoners in the hands of the mob he had headed and went home.

We warn the Southern whites that such an occurrence as that at Hamburg is dangerous to them, not because of the riot, but because they, the decent part of the population, have not public spirit, humanity and Christian feeling enough to stand up for the outraged law and to demand and insist on the prompt and relentless punishment of the murderers and of the bullies, mis-called "gentlemen," who were concerned in bringing on the trouble. What do we see in South Carolina? A cruel and brutal outrage perpetrated, worthy of the Sioux; one of the foremost and ablest Southern democratic journals, the Charleston News and Courier, speaking out manfully about it, and yet the white community of the neighborhood sitting tamely by, unmoved by a sense of justice or a feeling of humanity to hunt down or arrest the white brutes who were guilty of these crimes. We do not wonder that Mr. Rainey thinks federal troops should be sent down there. We are not surprised at the report that Governor Chamberlain means to ask for troops. Yet we trust he will not. What he ought to do, as Governor of the State, is to occupy Hamburg and its neighborhood with the militia of the State; and employ them—if the public sentiment of the neighborhood is inert—to hunt down and capture those who were concerned in these murders, and all who aided and encouraged them. He would do the State a great service if he had the nerve to do this. He would show the roughs and the "gentlemen," too, that justice is sure and swift, and that it is not safe to "kill niggers."

There is one State in the South so quiet and peaceable now that we never hear of it. Yet only two or three years ago it was "hell upon earth," in which violence and lawlessness ruled everywhere, and the "nigger" was shot for amusement. We mean Arkansas. But one day Governor Powell Clayton armed and drilled some regiments of militia and sent them into the lawless districts to shoot down the roughs. They did it, according to all accounts, with a stern, unflinching purpose and a good aim; and they created peace and a desire for peace so strong that it lasts yet. We commend the example to Governor Chamberlain. It is his duty to see that justice is done to the Hamburg murderers. It does not belong to the federal power. Let him do his duty, sternly and relentlessly, and he will save South Carolina and arouse a public spirit which, to the disgrace of the State, seems to have gone to sleep.

THE CHURCHES YESTERDAY, in spite of the grateful fall in temperature, did not attract by any means the usual number of worshippers. In one case it took the remnants of three congregations to fill one church respectably. We hear of another in which a

pastor addressed only thirty of the faithful. Slimness was in fact the characteristic of the church attendance yesterday. Of course allowance must be made for the number of Christians who are away summering. Most of our noted pastors have also shaken the city dust off their feet, so that the stranger visiting New York on his Centennial tour must not gauge our piety by our pews during the dogdays. To those of our Christians who stayed at home instead of attending divine service the sermons reported elsewhere will come as a reminder that the HERALD is not remiss in this respect, no matter what the temperature. In the addresses of Dr. Dix, Dr. Hepworth, Mr. Blinn, Mr. Sweetser, Dr. Armitage and Mr. Bellows, they will find food for solemn thought, and in that of Mr. Fulton they will find a warm tribute to the Christian soldier who fell doing his duty amid the savages but a few days ago.

## "Bring Me Some Ice Water!"

During the hot weather, and particularly when the thermometer stands among the nineties, demands for ice water and iced beverages of all kinds are heard on every side. They are grateful to the dry palate; they suggest coolness to the perspiring mortal, and, indeed, they frequently make him cold to the extent of a sudden chill. The effect of a large draught of ice water upon a system suffering from extreme heat is to produce a paralysis of the stomach, of varied intensity and duration, accompanied by a rush of blood to the head and extremities generally. Several cases have resulted fatally during the present heated term traceable to the immoderate use of ice water. Where these extreme results have been avoided, considerable oppression about the head and disorder in the digestive organs have been experienced, and the heat, the work or food partaken of, blameworthy, in fact, but the real foe, ice water. Under the influence of exceptionally high temperatures everybody must drink more than in cool weather, because the healthy fountains of perspiration must be supplied. The rapid exhaustion of fluid through perspiration is the chief cause of the raging thirst which many experience; but why slake it with stomach-paralyzing and brain-congesting ice water? Nature, which has given us a climate of extremes, places ice within our reach through the entire summer, and it can be put to a thousand beneficial uses; but as a means of reducing drinking water to a temperature of thirty-five degrees when the thermometer oscillates between ninety and a hundred it should not be thought of. There is no particular objection to the water we drink being cool. When the system is overheated a tepid drink would be most beneficial, although not so grateful to the palate. Even in the absence of excessive bodily heat the glass of ice water gulped down at breakfast, lunch, dinner and between times, lays the foundation of dyspepsia among American men, just as ice cream does among American school-girls. Water of the temperature of the spring or the running brook is, except in rare cases, wholesome enough; but the jump downward of twenty to thirty degrees, which is made when ice water is swallowed, is too great for ordinary systems. Plumping a huge chunk of ice into the water jug is an easy way of cooling the water—fatally easy, in fact, and therein lies the difficulty. The expedient of placing a jug of water in the ice chest for an hour before meals is quite as easy, but it requires a little forethought, which Betty cannot be always relied on to exercise. It is simple enough, and we advise our readers to try it. The water will not be too cold, and it will, in nine cases out of ten, be purer. In warm climates, like India and Brazil, where ice is all but unobtainable, they cool their drinking water by putting it in jars of porous clay and hanging them in shady places. As the water soaks slowly through evaporation on the surface takes place, and the water in the jars becomes deliciously cool.

What we desire to impress upon our readers is the hygienic difference between cold water and ice water. Cold tea, but not iced tea, is particularly good, producing gentle perspiration without exhaustion. Cool, but not iced lemonade, moderately taken, is also good. Iced fresh milk in quantities is particularly dangerous; but cool buttermilk or sour milk, not iced, will prove refreshing and easy of digestion. Alcoholic drinks, because of their heating and brain-congesting effects, no matter how much iced, are very perilous during this hot weather, and even fermented drinks, except with meals, should be taken sparingly. A glass of claret in a tumbler of cold water would be good with dinner. Above all, let the fatal order, "Bring me some ice water," be seldom heard.

THE DANGER AND THE REMEDY.—A contemporary, discussing the timely theme of the weather, refers to the fact that the Thirty-fourth street ferry is overcrowded with funerals, and that these are the victims of deaths from sunstroke. We do not doubt that many deaths may be attributed to this cause, but at the same time a more fertile cause of disease is found in the shameful manner in which we manage our city. Our sanitary arrangements are disgraceful. Our authorities forget that they owe to the people health and comfort. Every day we have complaints of negligence, wantonness and crime. If our authorities could be indicted for manslaughter in permitting the spread of diphtheria and typhus fever the people would applaud the jury that found the verdict. This is the real cause of the number of funerals that cross the Thirty-fourth street ferry, and until the evil is abated the mortality will increase.

THE INDIAN CAMPAIGN.—We present on another page a carefully drawn map, showing all the actions in the field between the government forces and the hostile Indians down to the latest advices. The lines of march to, and alas! the lines of retreat from, the battle fields on the Rosebud and Little Big Horn are collated from maps furnished by our correspondents with the operating columns. The line of the bold ride of the three privates from the Yellowstone to Crook's camp and the line of the perilous reconnaissance made by Lieutenant Sibley and his brave followers are also correctly indicated.

## The Custer Monument.

As we note the various cadences of regret and clear tones of admiration that come to us from the subscribers to the Custer monument we are touched by the depth of the feeling which the loss of the gallant soldiers has awakened. We record elsewhere an advance of one hundred and thirty dollars and forty-six cents in the subscription for yesterday, bringing the total for a few days' work to nearly three thousand dollars. Among the larger subscriptions there is one of one hundred dollars from the Vokes family, and this brings before us once more in striking light the great generosity of the profession to which these artists belong. In addition to the handsome sums handed in by Mr. Lawrence Barrett, the Vokes and other members of the theatrical profession, we observe that these artists offer their further services in benefit performances. Their generosity should not be lost upon the members of other professions whose profits are less precarious, and who should not leave the work of raising a monument to Custer to a few large-hearted gentlemen like Judge Hilton, a band of kind-hearted actors like Mr. Barrett and the Vokes, and the thousands of poor admirers who, with their quarters and ten-cent stamps, send a whole mint of the kindest sentiments and the wish that their subscriptions were a hundred times greater. We ask all to do their share. The multitude of small subscriptions rejoice us exceedingly. They show that the lesson of the death of the cavalrymen in the valley of the Little Big Horn has sunk into the hearts of the people, and that they wish to see some enduring monument of the deed and the cause for which it was performed rise to teach our children that peerless valor and death in the path of duty are ever worthy of all honor. The death of Custer was the climax of a story of bravery and devotion extending over fifteen years, and with incidents enough to furnish an army with a reputation for all the manly virtues. Scattered over the land are thousands of the gallant soldiers who fought by Custer's side or under his orders. They should make themselves the rallying points for subscriptions to this great national monument. Let their action in this cause be as swift and brilliant as Custer's in the field. Let all help according to their means.

THE WEATHER yesterday was not so fiery as on the days preceding, and a gentle breeze fanned the faces of those who strolled forth to enjoy the respite from excessively high temperature. The pleasant places by the seaside within easy reach of New York were visited by thousands. A sense of relief made itself apparent everywhere.

## PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE

Whittier is a bachelor.  
Mark Twain is going to Newport.  
A Florida tramp (dollar) drives his rounds in a buggy.  
If you want to civilize an Indian give him a plug hat.  
A Liverpool gorilla eats strawberries "in a gentleman-like fashion."  
Now is the time to drink water snakes out of springs. It relieves the springs.  
In Anderson, Ky., is a mother whose five beautiful babes were all born in one day.  
A Florida man raised 300 bushels of cucumbers, and sending them to New York early of made \$4,500.  
Iced tea is made of infusion of tea with lemons, sugar and ice, and many people like a little stick in it. In an English school suit it appears that the first step a girl took was to slope with her drawing master.  
Lord Kildare, of Ireland, arrived in this city yesterday from Canada and is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.  
A Rutland (Vt.) girl went into a drugstore's and, pointing at the trusses, said, "How do you sell shawl straps?"  
The Causeway Giant, the fossil human figure recently discovered, is twelve feet long and weighs over two tons.  
Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," is a modest little town of whitewashed cottages surrounded by hawthorn and apple trees.  
Springfield Republican:—"According to modern customs people buy ice cream in paper boxes and paper collars in tin pans."  
Senator McCreery, of Kentucky, has been called home, from his seat in the Senate, in consequence of sickness in his family.  
Saturday Review:—"The happiest life of a woman is perhaps attained when she adopts the opinions of a reasonably intelligent husband and conscientiously thinks they are her own."  
At a sale of ancient manuscripts in London, a series of scroll work, a marvel of sumptuous artistic decoration, relating to the evangelists, and written in the ninth century, was sold for £750.  
Don Carlos was expected to arrive in this city to-day from Philadelphia, but a despatch received yesterday announced that he had altered his plans and will not visit New York for some time.  
The St. Louis Globe-Democrat tells of a little girl who was paralyzed and insane, but who, after wearing a relic from the Convent of the Sacred Heart, fully recovered strength and intelligence.  
In Ireland only 65,758 persons out of 5,409,435 own any land at all, and of these, only 32,614 have more than an acre, the remainder owning among them all only 9,065 acres, chiefly house property.  
George Eliot's sixth book is out, and it shows Wendell's admiration for Daniel Deronda growing, so that her husband, seeing her loveless indifference, finds them alone and decides to take her away on a yachting excursion.  
The Charleston (S. C.) News says:—"It is our deliberate opinion that General Wade Hampton, if nominated for Governor, will, more fully than any other democrat who has been named, bring out the whole vote of the State in November."  
Count and Countess Hogos, Austrian Legation; Sir William and Lady Thomson, Glasgow, Scotland; General E. F. Brown and General Ingalls, United States Army; Chief Justice Waite, Washington, and Judge Bond, Baltimore, are at the Rovers House, Boston.  
William Black, the novelist, who is about to visit this country, is a Scotchman by birth, but is engaged as a London journalist. It has been said that, his young wife dying, he turned to novel writing for relief, and achieved greater success than he hoped for.  
The Aberdeen says:—"Our American friend John Haw-thorne is a literary artist of some power, but that he is too much of a realist, and the result is a sense of all criticism being to direct one's self to the ground—'I am completely in the dust.' That paper thinks he may become merely a caricature."  
The Philadelphia correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle says:—"The actress Lotta and Beecher met on the grounds to-day and were introduced to each other by Commissioner Donaldson, of Idaho. Beecher said, 'I'm glad to see you, ma'am,' in a fatherly way, and Lotta said, 'Thank you, sir,' in her most demure manner."  
Edward Mohr, celebrated for his travels on the Zambesi, is about to be sent by the Berlin Geographical Society from the West Coast of Africa on a new voyage of discovery into the interior. He will proceed from Lisbon to Sao Paulo de Loanda, whence, by means of a steamer, he will go as far as the Kona as it is navigable, and then push forward to Malaga.  
About Samuel J. Tilden, there is a great deal of quotation, as for instance, the Louisville Courier-Journal:—"And Samuel grew, and the Lord was with him, and did not one of his work fall to the ground."—I. Samuel, III, 18." To which the St. Louis Globe-Democrat replies:—"Nevertheless, the people refused to obey the voice of Samuel; and they said, Nay.—I. Samuel, VII, 12."